

The Frances Shimer Record

February, 1914

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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Help!

With the completion of Science Hall our facilities for instruction far surpass our dormitory capacity. We have space to house 100 pupils; we have space to teach 200. The number of house pupils registered this year is 97, day pupils 41, teachers employed 20.

The number of day pupils may not increase very much. The number of house pupils ought to be increased by a half within the next few years. That means a new dormitory. The needed money we do not possess. Our present obligations should not be increased.

Who will help us take the next step forward? Many friends have means. In time of calamity they gave liberally. Will they not do the same when progress is impeded for lack of space to house additional pupils?

Write me if you are interested.

WILLIAM P. MCKEE, *Dean*

The Nobel Prizes and Some Nobel Prizemen

BY ZALIA JENCKS

Originality might be expected from the inventor of dynamite. Dr. Alfred Nobel's prizes, now given to the world, are larger than any others given, their scope is greater and their object more striking.

Alfred Bernard Nobel was born in Stockholm, Sweden, October 31, 1833. In 1842 the family moved to St. Petersburg, Russia. In 1850 the father sent Alfred to the United States to study under the famous engineer, John Ericsson. When the boy was twenty-one, he returned to Russia trained as an engineer and able to speak fluently Swedish, Russian, English, German, and French. Later he took up chemistry and showed a remarkable preference for its technical applications. His father had moved to Russia under contract to prepare mines and torpedoes for the Russian government. When Alfred returned from America, he was constantly engaged with his father in pursuing some new invention. Nitroglycerin especially interested them, and in 1862 they erected works at Helenborg, Sweden, where nitroglycerin was manufactured commercially for the first time. In 1864, an explosion destroyed the works, killing the chemist and Alfred's younger brother, Oscar. The shock so affected the father that he never recovered from a paralytic stroke received at that time which left him a cripple. Alfred immediately built new works on a large scale on Lake Mälaren, also in Sweden, and in Germany. However, so many explosions occurred with nitroglycerin in transporting it, especially one which caused the destruction of a vessel on the Isthmus of Panama, that many governments interdicted its transportation.

In 1866 Nobel discovered dynamite, which replaced nitroglycerin, and at once manufactured it in his German and Swedish factories. In 1868 he started a factory near San Francisco, California, and in 1871, at Ardeer, Scotland, he erected works, now the largest dynamite works in the world. Dynamite met with such general acceptance that works sprang up all over the civilized world. Many other explosives were invented by Nobel, among which were gelatine dynamite and gelatine explosives. He was an inventor of many more things than explosives, having taken out one hundred and twenty-nine patents in England alone. He formed the famous firm of Nobel Brothers in 1878 with his two older brothers, and this firm operated the petroleum wells at Baku, Russia. This has proved the most active competitor of the Standard Oil Company.

At his death, December 10, 1896, he left an estate worth more than

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nine million dollars, and in his will, aside from several small legacies to his already wealthy relatives, directed that the residue of his convertible estate be used as follows: "The capital thus secured shall constitute a fund, the interest accruing from which shall be annually awarded in prizes to those persons who shall have contributed most materially to benefit mankind during the year immediately preceding." One prize is for physics, one for chemistry, one for physiology or medicine, one for the most distinguished literary work of an idealistic tendency, and one "to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of Peace Congresses." The prizes for physics and chemistry are awarded by the Swedish Academy of Science, Stockholm; the prize for physiology or medicine, by the Carolina Medical Institute, Stockholm; the one for literature, by the Swedish Academy, Stockholm; and the peace prize by the Norwegian Storting (government).

There are now established three Nobel Institutes, two in Sweden and one in Christiania, Norway. The purpose of these institutes is to examine all claims and test discoveries. The will left one-fourth of the total income for administrative purposes, and it is with this money these three institutes work. The institute in Norway is to work for the pacific settlement of international relations. It contains a splendid library on peace publications, containing all the books and periodicals published on the subject. A paper is published under the name of *Publications of the Norwegian Nobel Institute*. It is hoped to establish a school for the teaching of the science of peace and to grant scholarships to worthy people when larger means are at their disposal.

The peace prize has been divided a number of times. One year it went to an institute, not a person, and in 1912 no prize was awarded. In such a case the will states: "The interest may accumulate for not more than five years, in case of intellectual death." This money then goes for the institute. Again the will reads: "I declare it to be my express desire that, in the awarding of prizes, no consideration whatever be paid to the nationality of the candidate—that is to say, that the most deserving be awarded the prize, whether of Scandinavian origin or not." No application can be made for prizes, and only such persons are considered as are proposed in due form by qualified persons.

The awarding of these five prizes of \$40,000 each was commenced in 1901, given out on December 10, the anniversary of Nobel's death. Up to the present time seventy-six have been given, and three of these went to women. In 1903 Madame Curie received a one-third share in

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the physics prize with M. Curie and Becquerel by working on Becquerel rays, the beginning of radium work. In 1911 she received the whole prize for her discovery of polonium, a member of the radium series. Since then she has isolated radium, the metal, from its salts. Selma Lagerlöf received the literature prize in 1909, for *The Miracles of Anti-Christ*, and Baroness von Sutner received the peace prize for her great work *Lay Down Your Arms*.

At first the prizes were given to many who had not done their chief work in "the year immediately preceding," but now the prizes are given to people who better fill the specifications set forth in the will.

In 1901 Röntgen, of Munich, was awarded the physics prize for his work with X-rays. A well-known chemist, van't Hoff, received the chemistry prize for his work on solutions. Emil von Behring received the prize for medicine, for discovering the antitoxin of diphtheria. The peace prize was given to two men, Henri Dunant, a prime mover of the Geneva Peace Convention and the Red Cross Societies, and Frederick Passy, the founder of the Universal Peace Convention.

In 1902 the chemistry prize was given to another long-famous man, Emil Fischer, of the University of Berlin, for his work on *Sugar Synthesis*. Dr. Ross, of Liverpool, received the medicine prize for discovery of the dissemination of malaria by the mosquito.

In 1903, the first and one of the two only occasions when the prize was given to a working-man of the labor unions, the award went to W. R. Cremer, of England. The physics prize went to M. Curie and Mme Curie and M. Becquerel. The chemistry prize went to Svante Arrhenius, of Stockholm, now a member of the Nobel Institute, the man who likes American chemists.

In 1904 the peace prize was given to an institute rather than an individual—to the Institute of International Law.

The 1905 peace prize went to Baroness Bertha von Sutner. The medicine prize went to Dr. Robert Koch for the discovery of the tuberculosis bacillus.

In 1906 our President of the United States received the peace prize for his work in the peace negotiations between Russia and Japan. Theodore Roosevelt is so well known for other achievements that even the Nobel prize did not make his fame much greater, but it gave the United States a great deal of satisfaction. J. J. Thomson, of the University of Cambridge, England, received the prize for his work in physics.

In 1907 Albert A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, was awarded the physics prize for his research on light. This was of more

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vital interest to us than the literature prize given to the great story-man, Rudyard Kipling.

In 1908, much to the world's surprise, the literature prize was given to Rudolf Eucken, of Jena University, instead of to Swinburne, the latter being found too practical, the former, the most idealistic of the world. Ernest Rutherford, then of McGill University, Montreal, was given the chemistry prize for his work in radioactivity. He was a student under J. J. Thomson, who received the prize in physics two years previous. The peace prize was divided between a Dane and a Swede, Arnoldson. The latter made possible a peaceful separation of Norway and Sweden.

Selma Lagerlöf received the prize for idealistic literature in 1909. The physics prize was divided between Marconi and a German who worked on wireless telegraphy as much as Marconi. Wilhelm Ostwald, a professor in Leipzig, also an exchange professor in Columbia and Harvard, received the chemistry prize.

Dr. Van der Waals was awarded the physics prize in 1910 for his work on the so-called "Van der Waal's Equation" which has improved the laws applying to gas in both physics and chemistry. Albert Kassel, of Germany, received the first prize given in physiological chemistry. Paul Johan Ludwig Heyse was given the literature prize. The peace prize was given to the Berne Peace Bureau, a branch of which is located in Washington, D.C. It was rumored that this was offered to Tolstoi, but he refused it more than once.

In 1911, Maria Sklodowska Curie discovered polonium and was awarded the Nobel prize for chemistry. The prize for literature was given to Maeterlinck.

No peace prize was awarded in 1912. There were six nations at war that year, but in 1913 the 1912 prize was given to Elihu Root. France received three prizes in 1912, one of which the United States would like to claim, since the work was done in our Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Alexis Carrel, in his work on the thyroid gland, goitre, was really one of us when he worked here. We are responsible for the faults of our immigrants and should like to share in their glory. Dr. Michelson came from Germany, but he is ours now.

This past year the physics prize went to Professor Heike Kamerlingh Onnes, who has come within 2° C. of reaching the absolute zero, -273° C., by boiling helium in a vacuum at -271° C. The peace prize for a second time has been given to a laboring man of the labor unions, Henri la Fontaine.

For the first time the Nobel prize has been given to one not of our

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race; a Hindu, Rabindra Nath Tagore, was awarded the prize for his mystical poetry. Rabindra Nath Tagore was born in 1860 and spent the first few years of his life in Calcutta. He was a child full of love for nature and for spiritual things. At seventeen he went to England to complete his education and to this is due, says Rustum Rustomjee, his biographer, his conception of God, man, and nature, which differs from that of other Eastern mystics. He has no pessimism, no brooding passivity, inactivity, or love of other-worldness, such as is common to the easterners.

After he came from Europe, for a time he wrote for magazines, striving to raise the tone of his family magazine, in particular. He was decidedly epicurean when he first came back, faring sumptuously, and dressing gorgeously. The romanticism of Byron and Shelley seemed to mar his early poems. The sensualism of them shocked his puritanical Bengali conservatives, and his writings were under a sinister ban. His poetry seemed to be a struggle between his innate spiritualism and his acquired and accomplished romanticism. The natural part of him ruled and his poetry began to change. It is now marked with beauty and grace and Tagore stands high in the estimation of both good and great. His poems are chanted and sung in chapels. His conception of God as a God of love is like that of Tennyson's higher pantheism.

Emil Liebling

BY WILLIAM P. MCKEE

The death of Mr. Liebling on January 20, 1914, at his home, 1222 Astor Street, Chicago, was not unexpected. It was clear at the time of his recital at the School, November 25, 1913, that his health was poor. His conversation revealed that he feared that he could not long survive. His physicians had not agreed in their diagnosis, except that his trouble was serious.

He made his first visit to the School, October 31, 1904, and has made three or four visits each year since. His playing has been an inspiration to all. His class work has been a source of benefit to teachers and pupils alike. He mixed severity with tenderness and got results. The general interest in music increased greatly during his connection with the School, and his place will be hard to fill.

He was a very agreeable companion. He loved to tell good stories. He loved to bring gifts to the little girl of the family. He knew people by name, as well as by face, and attached people strongly to him. He

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had a wide view of the world. He read widely; discussed all sorts of questions. He would take the life of Peter the Great of Russia from the bookcase and read it far into the night; or the *North American Review*, or the *Outlook*, or the *Independent*. He deplored the split in the Republican party. He rarely talked on religious subjects, but on occasion he would criticize the so-called "Reformed-Jewish" leaders severely. He once spoke with emotion of the editorials of Lyman Abbott in the *Outlook*, as helpful reading for a serious-minded man. He once remarked to me that he was thrown on his own resources in the New World in his teens without any safeguards, parental, educational, moral, or religious, and was compelled to fight his own way through all difficulties. He was like Sam Johnson in this, he would argue on any side of almost any question for the sake of the argument. He rarely, if ever, grew overheated in the argument; would give and take with the utmost good humor.

He was a fine man to do business with. He made his employer's interest his own, and would make any reasonable sacrifice to serve the interest of the School. In several instances he made a fourth visit and gave an extra recital without compensation, as a token of good will. When we were rebuilding after the fire, he made a voluntary, generous contribution to the building fund and offered to pay it before it was due. He subscribed to the *Record*, and if it failed to reach him he inquired about it.

He would get music out of any kind of piano, and he was not oversensitive if the piano was not the best, or was not in perfect tune. He remarked, humorously, that some musicians had to have a perfect instrument in order to get any music out of it. At the time of the death of President Harper, I asked him to play Chopin's funeral march, which he did with deep feeling and power.

He was in some ways most interesting in his afternoon talks to the School. He would talk on some simple theme, practical always, and then he would play for the pupils frequently by request.

He seemed to have unlimited repertoire, as though he had the bulk of the great music of the world in his mind.

We shall greatly miss his friendly visits. He always brought good cheer, and he always sought to encourage.

The following telegram went out the day after his death:

Mrs. Emil Liebling, 1222 Astor Street, Chicago, Illinois:

Trustees, teachers, and pupils of the Frances Shimer School join in sincere expression of sympathy for you in your great loss and in testimony to the great services which Mr. Liebling rendered to this institution.

Tommy Valentine and the Little Lonesome Girl

BY VETA M. THORPE

In the playroom of the big house sat the Little Lonesome Girl. Her forehead wore a very black scowl and her eyes streamed sorry-for-herself tears. The Little Girl had just come to live in the big house, and she didn't know anybody in the neighborhood (she had been told that there were no neighbors in a city), and mother was out, and, worst of all, it was St. Valentine's Day. What could be worse than St. Valentine's Day without any friends and only the maid to amuse you? No wonder she was forlorn!

"I don't see why mother had to go off and leave me today," mourned the Little Lonesome Girl from the window-seat, where she lay in a sad, huddled little heap. "An' I don't see why it got to be Valentine's Day before I knew any friends. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh-h-h-h——," and the plaintive voice trailed off into silence as the doorbell rang out through the quiet, big house. The Little Lonesome Girl jumped up. "Wonder if it's the mailman?" and she ran to see.

There was something strange about the way it all happened. It may have been Fate—or it may have been simply that the maid did not hear the bell. At any rate the Little Lonesome Girl opened the big, front door herself—slowly, laboriously, half timidly—and stood there for a long time looking at the caller without knowing just what to say. The caller, too, seemed quite powerless to break the awful silence. At last the Little Girl spoke.

"Well, what's your name?"

The visitor dug his grimy hands deep into the pockets of his tattered trousers, planted his left foot firmly upon his right, looked down rather bashfully at the toes of his well-worn shoes, and said, "My name's Tommy Valentine. What's your'n?"

The Little Lonesome Girl was so surprised that she simply plumped down on the floor and hid her face in her pretty white apron and laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Well, *did you ever!*" she exclaimed. "You *are* the most peculiarest Valentine I ever saw. I wonder who ever sent— Why, of course! It's my funny old Daddy. He's always doing the most 'straordinary things! I s'pose he sent you 'cause he knew how lonesome I get sometimes. Come on up to my playroom an' I'll give you an intr'duction to my dolls and we'll have a party. Nora brought me some milk and cakes a while ago, but course, I couldn't have a party alone. Come on!

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Hurry!" And she grasped Tommy's hand and fairly dragged him in, banging the door behind him.

Poor Tommy reached the playroom in a rather bewildered state. He couldn't exactly understand things. Still, under the circumstances, he couldn't very well refuse a party (the cakes were really superb!).

"I suppose your name is really To-My-Valentine, and you're just called Tommy for short," observed the Little Lonesome Girl as she passed the cakes to Tommy for the sixth and last time. "Oh, me! You are the most wonderfulest s'prise! You can't begin to 'magine how lonesome I've been lately. But, then, course I knew my Daddy would do *something* to make me not lonesome any more. My Daddy always does things—oh, *just right*—you know! He s'prises me 'most every day, but I really didn't s'pose he'd ever buy a s'prise like *you*!"

After the party was over Tommy and the Little Lonesome Girl played house. From keeping house they drifted to a game of Hop-Scotch (Tommy marked off the game on the playroom carpet with a dirty piece of chalk which he dug from his pocket and the Little Girl thought it a capital game). The two were engaged in a game of wood-tag (not counting the floor) when the Little Lonesome Girl heard the front door slowly open and close. It was Daddy, of course. The Little Girl leaped down the stairs and into her father's arms.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried joyously. "You *are* the *bestest* man! To think of you sending Tommy to me for a Valentine! Oh, I'm so happy and we've been having the loveliest time. Come up and see me play Hop-Scotch, *please*!" And the Little Girl hurried up the stairs two steps at a time, looking back every now and then and urging her Daddy to please hurry.

The big man in the hall looked a little puzzled and just a little bit doubtful, too. Slowly he ascended the stairs to the playroom. At the door he stopped and stood quite still. His eyes looked strange and astonished and his mustache twitched and finally he covered his mouth with his hand and coughed mysteriously—and then—

The doorbell clanged persistently and impatiently. The door opened softly and the maid's voice sounded, calm and clear: "Mrs. Parke is not at home, ma'am."

The answer was anything but calm and clear.

"It's me boy I'm afther wantin', and not your missus. Oi niver seen the loikes o' that boy! I sint 'im three hours ago fer the wash—"

An explosive laugh from Daddy drowned out the closing words. The little Valentine had heard just enough to inspire him to don his cap and depart as quickly as possible. The Little Lonesome Girl was almost

ready to cry, but Daddy took her up in his arms and carried her downstairs where poor Tommy was writhing under the iron grasp of his fond mamma.

"Good evening, Mrs. Valentine," said Daddy politely, as he paid her in advance for the week's laundry. "I hope you'll let Thomas come again to play."

And Tommy came!

An Imaginary Faculty Meeting

BY MABEL LLOYD HUGHES

The most important thing to be brought up in faculty meeting that night was the question of Senior privileges. That is, they were still called by the archaic name of Senior privileges, though of course they were granted to a class while it was in its Sophomore year. There were many privileges asked for, but I shall mention only the more important ones.

1. To go to the moving-picture show each and every night.
2. To leave the city each and every week end.
3. To keep lights all night on any night that it is necessary.
4. To be exempt from examinations.
5. To remain up from any meal.
6. To "cut" two classes a week.
7. To keep chafing dishes.
8. To have sororities.

"I can't see why we have a whole faculty meeting just to decide on little things like that," remarked Miss Bragg flippantly.

"What did you say?" inquired Miss Boyd, her ear trumpet to her ear. "Little things! Why, it seems to me they want about everything. I don't approve of letting them have too much liberty; they ought to be kept down more."

"I think so, too," chimed in Miss Boston. "It is an exploded theory that girls need any freedom. I know I never did when I was young."

Miss Dixon twitched her split skirt away from contact with Miss Boston and remarked icily, "I didn't know, Miss Boston, that you were ever young."

"I certainly don't think that all girls in the class should be given those privileges, anyway," said Miss Horning, to change the subject. "That Edith Parks is failing in physical culture. 'She can't reach higher than six feet. Of course, she's very short, but I can't help that.'"

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"Dean McKee, I have another privilege to add to that list. I'd like to excuse them all from chorus, though I know they enjoy it. I think that a half-hour a week might mean a good deal to them." This from Miss Howard.

"O gee!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "I just this minute remembered that I have a date tonight to go to the Orpheum. Will you please excuse me, Mr. McKee?"

"Yes, yes. You're not necessary here at all," answered the Dean meekly, rising to open the door for her.

"Ain't der Dean a peach?" remarked Miss Brown over her shoulder to Miss Libey.

"Swell," responded Miss Libey, and then to Miss Morrison she said, "Goodness! Aren't the girls here awful? So uncongenial and horrid!"

Miss Pierson, who had been chatting gaily to Miss Jencks, stopped—yes, actually stopped—talking a moment as she saw a disgusted look on Miss Jencks's face. Answering the inquiring glance, Miss Jencks spoke. "I am utterly and unreservedly shocked and disappointed. How anyone can enjoy that place of amusement downtown is beyond my comprehension. But all these younger teachers are most unconventional. The way Mrs. Patton dances the tango is most shocking."

"I think so too, Miss Jencks," said Miss Hoyt. "I am sure that I don't know what this world is coming to."

Miss Pierson changed her seat, feeling that the conversation was getting rather personal, and coming upon Miss Hagberg, who could talk nearly as fast as she could, they had a tête-à-tête in a corner. Miss Morrison and Miss Libey were discussing the comparative values of chewing-gums, when suddenly the Dean, who had been interested in scratching his initials, W. P. M., in the varnish on the table, ventured a remark, but in all meekness and humility, be it understood.

"Er—er—I am," and then he stopped, as Miss Morrison turned a disapproving eye upon him. The Dean was rather afraid of women. However, he courageously continued, "I'm—er—er—overjoyed that the girls are at last taking some interest in sororities. Sororities foster such a commendable spirit of—" but he could say no more, for by that time some of the others were looking at him.

At last the meeting broke up. No vote was taken on Senior privileges, but when, the next day, the petitioning class found that they had not voted against them, they took it for granted that they could do what they wished, and went ahead.

What White House?

BY RUTH J. HASTINGS

Follow the path in front of you. Look neither to the right nor left and think not of the morrow, or you may be persuaded to turn and flee. Be careful that your skirts do not catch on the brambles by the side of the way, and beware of that mud puddle, and do not be frightened in crossing the bridge, for it will not collapse *this* time.

There it is—just what you are looking for—a little, low, one-story, white house. The yellow rose bush by the front door is in full bloom, and the red one opposite shows signs of having been robbed of its glory. Three boards are missing from the walk and the screen door is thrown back as though someone had entered in wild excitement. A boy's express cart reclines on its side in the midst of the tall grass and weeds, with a couple of market baskets lying not far distant. The windows in front are short and narrow. The shade of one is drawn tightly, as if to shut out the bright rays of the afternoon sun; the other displays various colored geranium plants between the draped curtains.

There is no response to our loud knocking. We wend our way around the corner of the house. Boxes, planks, chicken-coops, wash tubs, dish pans, hammers, saws, clothes-lines, and wood-piles confront us. The smoke curls luxuriantly out of the little low chimney, forming visions of strawberry shortcake and other forbidden good things within.

A fat, chubby little urchin leads us over the well-worn doorstep. A cheery voice calls to us from an adjoining room.

Thank goodness, Katie is at home!

On the Eve of Exams

BY MABEL LLOYD HUGHES

If I could buy brains by the yard!
Vergil is terrible! what?
Now I must study so hard.
Look at that horrible blot.

Vergil is terrible, what?
What did I do with my pen?
Look at that horrible blot.
Wish I were dead, now and then.

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What did I do with my pen?
Miss Dixon gives fearful exams;
Wish I were dead, now and then.
Jane isn't bright, but she crams.

Miss Dixon gives fearful exams;
Wish I had studied my English.
Jane isn't bright, but she crams.
There is that dirty old dish.

Wish I had studied my English—
What was the plot of *Macbeth*?
There is that dirty old dish.
Exes are far worse than death.

What was the plot of *Macbeth*?
Have I forgotten Boyle's Law?
Exes are far worse than death.
When is it ice starts to thaw?

Have I forgotten Boyle's Law?
Mercy! Those awful French verbs!
When is it ice starts to thaw?
If Roomy knew how she disturbs!

Mercy! Those awful French verbs!
Latin's the stuff that I dread.
If Roomy knew how she disturbs!
My eyes are as heavy as lead.

Latin's the stuff that I dread,
There is no doubt that I'll flunk.
My eyes are as heavy as lead.
Gert wants me to come in and bunk.

There is no doubt that I'll flunk.
Mary has wonderful clothes.
Gert wants me to come in and bunk.
Goodness! The stuff that girl knows!

Mary has wonderful clothes.
I'm positive I'll lose my head.
Goodness! The stuff that girl knows!
I'm almost entirely dead.

I'm positive I'll lose my head.
If I could buy brains by the yard!
I'm almost entirely dead.
O, I have studied so hard.

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Editorials

February 2, 1914

DEAR READERS:

All day long, in fear and trembling, we have watched the sky. And now the sun *has* come out (worse luck!) and no 'doubt the ground-hog is in his hole already. It's too bad, but it can't be helped. We will simply have to stand six weeks more of alternating slush and ice and try to be happy through it all—and since we must try to be happy, this is what I have to propose: *Let's all lay low and watch for spring!*

Now this is what I mean. Of course we all expect spring to come very slowly—to come creeping upon us by inches and not really get here until long after Easter vacation. So I think the only way to get even with the ground-hog for being such a beastly little coward is just to snatch every *inch* of spring that comes along and hold on tight and pretend not to care a bit whether spring comes by degrees or by leaps and bounds. In a way, it is really a good thing to have spring come slowly for then we have plenty of time to digest every bit of it and we certainly appreciate each little springy thing more if everything doesn't come at once. Think how much happier we'll be to see the pussy-willows if all the trees aren't bursting their buds at the same time! And how much sweeter the chick-a-dee's call will sound if there aren't all kinds of other bird songs in the air at the same time! Can't you just hear that little black-capped songster calling, "Phoebe! Phoebe!" And doesn't it hint all kinds of vague suggestions of more birds and greener grass and even flowers? We may haunt the woods from the time of the first thaw and poke around among the rocks and mosses looking for the first wild flowers, literally watching each flower bloom, not missing a single one. Then, by the time we've seen each flower blossom and have welcomed

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the return of every bird, the orchard will bloom. After that it will be spring, indeed. Don't you really think we can enjoy it more if it's slow in coming?

Now, in favor of a late spring, I'll add one last little argument: Spring fever, too, will be late!

Borrowing

Neither a borrower nor a lender be
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.—Shakespeare.

One of the best ways to make oneself a bore is to form the habit of borrowing. In a boarding school it is so easy to acquire this habit. During the day various things such as clothes, rubbers, ties, and money are borrowed; everything from pins to chairs. Perhaps Mary borrows a ribbon from Jane with a promise to return it that very day. A week later Jane asks Mary if she may have her ribbon, and Mary, with many excuses, hands it to her in a wrinkled and soiled condition. Just so, many other things are returned and soon the borrower becomes a bore and her friends begin to shun her.

What can one think of a girl who comes running into your room and exclaims, "Oh, dearie, please let me take your French sentences. I've been reading a book all morning and haven't had time to write them"? This same girl is likely to come to your room and ask you to lend her a nickel or a dime as her allowance hasn't come.

Such people as these very seldom keep the friends they make. So would it not be better to wear our own clothes and ribbons, and to do without money if we have none?

Exams

Exams! the very word makes most school girls shudder and makes them feel as though they ought to begin to study "for a change." It is just the night before the dreaded exam in history. Everyone simply must "cram," for there is no possible way of getting out of it. The evening study keeps shortening and yet Lenore can't get all of that history into her head. The nine o'clock bell rings, but still more study is needed. That night she dreams and dreams about wars and rebellions and crusades and kings until she almost wishes she could die. The next morning her mind is so muddled that she gets Napoleon and Charlemagne mixed up, thinks that Caesar led the Fifth Crusade, that Lincoln

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held the pass of Thermopylae, and when the exam begins and she sees the questions, she just gives up in despair.

Cecelia has an exam in mathematics and her book hasn't been opened for three or four days. Out of the ten questions she answers four, about two of which she has no idea. Cecelia is positive she flunked in that.

Mary has an exam in Latin, her favorite study and the one in which she is a perfect shark. She has studied well the evening before and gets along famously, with the exception of putting too many things into the masculine gender.

The next day Clarissa has her exam in English. She gets along fairly well in that and then all of the dreadful exams and cramming are over and the girls begin to count the days until the spring vacation.

Recitals

Miss Dorothy Morton Horning, teacher of expression, gave her first artist-recital on Saturday evening, December 6, 1913. Miss Horning presented a program of excellent readings, which she rendered with remarkable emotional sympathy and purity of tone. She charmed her audience with each selection, and at the close of the delightfully entertaining program responded with the little love story, "Mon Pierre."

Miss Jeanne Margaret Boyd ably assisted Miss Horning with two piano numbers. Her musical intelligence and poetic imagination enable her to be effective without losing either simplicity or sincerity.

Following is the program as rendered:

Aux Italiens	Bulwer-Lytton
MISS HORNING	
Romance	Gruensfeld
Serenata	D'Albert
MISS BOYD	
The Ballad of the East and West	Rudyard Kipling
MISS HORNING	
The Unfinished Story	Richard Harding Davis
MISS HORNING	
Finale from Symphonic Studies, Op. 13	Schumann
MISS BOYD	
A Sisterly Scheme	
MISS HORNING	

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A second pupils' recital was given by the Expression Department in the school auditorium, January 17. In addition to the readings, Gertrude Munger and Gladys Bennett gave piano numbers.

Cradle Song	GERTRUDE MUNGER	<i>Kjerulf</i>
The Hazing of Valiant	ELIZABETH DARNELL	<i>J. H. Williams</i>
The Lane That Had No Turning	ELLEN PATCH	<i>Gilbert Parker</i>
Anne of Green Gables	LUCILLE DEUTSCHE	<i>L. M. Montgomery</i>
Calirrhoë	GLADYS BENNETT	<i>Chaminade</i>
Russy's Lie	GLADYS SMITH	<i>Annie H. Donnell</i>
Keeping a Seat at the Benefit	GERTRUDE VAN AVERY	<i>May I. Fisk</i>

John Kendrick Bangs

The coming of John Kendrick Bangs on December 11 was one of the biggest events of the year at F.S.S. We met Mr. Bangs informally at a reception given by the Dean and Mrs. McKee and this meeting with him made us the more eager to hear him talk.

Mr. Bangs's subject was "Salubrities I Have Met"—a subject which puzzled us very much and even made us presume to question Mr. Bangs's spelling. But his charming explanation of his subject not only convinced us of his authority as a philologist, but made us all add a new word to our vocabularies. The salubrities of whom Mr. Bangs talked were various great men among whom were Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, Richard Harding Davis, and Mark Twain.

In the school guestbook Mr. Bangs wrote "Bringing salubrities to Frances Shimer School is like carrying coals to Newcastle." We shall always give Mr. Bangs a prominent place among the salubrities we have met.

The Mimmers

On Thursday evening, December 18, while we were at dinner, we heard far-away sounds of singing, growing clearer until they seemed to come from outside the dining-room windows. Faint outlines of figures could be distinguished, and then again the singing grew fainter and

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fainter, only to burst out into a grand chorus as the Christmas Mimmers entered the dining-room from the rear, singing the old Christmas hymn, *Adeste Fideles*. Edith Parker represented St. George, Hortense Mandl was Father Christmas, Vivian Lowrey, the Jester, Gertrude Munger, the Doctor, Dorothy Fargo, Old King Cole, and Carolyn Green, Catherine Creager, Miriam Samuels, and Mary Brigham were Waits.

They marched about the dining-room several times and then made their exit through the kitchen.

This being our last dinner at Frances Shimer before going home for Christmas vacation, Nellie kindly treated us with little bags filled with nuts, pop-corn, candy, and fruit. As a token of appreciation we sang a toast to Nellie to the tune of "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"

Does anybody here know Nelly?

N-e-double-l-y.

Does anyone here know Nelly?

She's noted for her pie.

For Nelly's cook of the F.S.S.

Does she feed us well?

Well, I guess yes!

Yes, everybody here knows Nelly;

Nelly, from the Emerald Isle.

Dinner was finished by all singing our glorious "Frances Shimer Song."

EVRI-BUDI

TEW STEP

N

O

W

COLLIGE HAUL

7:30

TONITE

read the poster on the bulletin board that Saturday night. And the crowd of weary girls passing into dinner forgot that they had been toiling over exams, and remembered only that it was the night of the subscription dance and that they must hurry home and get dressed. At seven o'clock the lower floor of College was well lighted up; at seven-twenty the girls began to arrive; and at seven-thirty the orchestra crashed into a rousing two-step and the dance was in full swing. The new dances had been strictly forbidden, but this proved to be no damper. For after

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several dances a Robbers' two-step was announced as an unexpected extra, and the dance waxed exciting as the Robbers enthusiastically set to work. A little later the well-known strains of "Mornin' Si" tempted the crowd into a barn dance. The orchestra gradually drifted into a lively one-step, and soon everyone was barn-dancing fast and furiously. From the variety of pretty steps displayed, we predict that the barn-dance will be much in fashion at F.S.S. this winter. The dances followed swiftly one after the other, with occasional intermissions for punch. In fact, the punch-bowl seemed to be a popular gathering-place—a corner where the icy fruit juice never ran dry and the heaped-up plates of cakes never were empty. Strange to relate, however, the girls were always back in time for the next dance. The evening went quickly, but fifteen dances and six extras were squeezed in before the nine-thirty bell rang. It is rumored that the next "Informal" will come off March 1.

Vesper Services

December 7.—Harper McKee gave an interesting account of his recent South American trip and showed us some curious things he had collected.

December 14.—Miss Howard prepared a delightful program for her vesper service. The Glee Club sang the "Mariner's Christmas," by Chaminade. The Misses Lowrey, Fargo, Beers, Cattermole, and Samuels sang solos appropriate to the season. Miss Howard sang an "Aria" and "Recitative," from Handel's *Messiah*.

January 11.—Dean McKee had charge of the service on this date. His very thoughtful and interesting talk, the subject of which was "The Unity of the World," was based on: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." It was the most interesting missionary talk this year.

January 16.—Miss Hoyt read a most charming story, called "The Magic Formula," by L. P. Jacks.

January 25.—This was the monthly Y.W. meeting, led by Ruth Hastings. The Senior Quartette sang: "O Sweetly Breathe the Lyres Above," an arrangement of a Chopin Nocturne by Shelley. Vivian Lowrey sang, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is," by Gounod. "Human Progress through Missions" was the subject of Mrs. McKee's very helpful talk.

February 1.—Miss Horning read, in her usual charming manner, "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," by Dickens.

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Chapel Exercises

December 5.—Margaret Woodruff sang "Roses" by Gow.

December 12.—Gertrude Munger read very charmingly, "An Order for a Picture," by Alice Cary.

December 19.—Ruth Reynolds played a Nocturne by Leschetzsky.

January 9.—Constance Ware read an interesting theme on "Some Features of the University of Wisconsin."

January 16.—Ethel Ank read a theme on the "Montessori Movement," in which she told some of the methods employed by Dr. Montessori in her work.

January 30.—Dorothy Howell read the amusing poem "Angelina" by Dunbar.

Y. M. C. A.

December 5.—Mr. Peacock gave an interesting talk upon the subject: "The Religious Significance of a Few in the School."

December 12.—Frances Schmidt read a Christmas story and made some comments on the true Christmas spirit. The Senior Quartette sang "Joy to the World," arranged as a part-song by Miss Boyd.

January 9.—The leader, Mabel Hughes, spoke very interestingly on: "Some New Year's Resolutions."

January 16.—Dorothy Truesdale, the leader, assisted by Mrs. McKee, spoke about missionary work in Africa.

January 30.—Ruth Crocker led the meeting. Y.W. notes from other schools, a message from the Association president, and an article on the subject: "What Does Y.W.C.A. Mean to You?" were given. Mrs. Allen led the prayer.

Diversion Club

The Glee Club is planning to present the operetta, *On Plymouth Rock*, for the Diversion Club, February 28. The music of the operetta is by Jessie L. Gaynor and will doubtless prove to be most enjoyable. The principal parts will be taken by Vivian Lowrey as Priscilla; Gertrude Munger as John Alden; Dorothy Fargo as Miles Standish; Annette Hutchison as Governor Winslow; Jessie Beers as Dame Goodly; Lucille Deutsche, Lodema Fitzwater, Mary Brigham, and Ruth Crocker will be

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Puritan Maidens, and Frances Gutwillig, Caroline Green, Mabel Hughes, and Catherine Creager, Puritan Youths.

The chorus of Indians and Soldiers will be made up from other members of the Club.

The Diversion Club has scheduled additional programs for March 14, April 18, and May 9. The programs will be conducted by the Faculty, the Juniors, and the Seniors, respectively.

Class Notes

Junior College

Mrs. Patton entertained at a coffee Sunday evening, January 18.

Mary Seaman has come back to College Hall. She is to enjoy college privileges, though enrolled in the graduating class.

Our victrola boasts several new records, which we appreciate very much.

Miss Brown has moved to the third floor of West Hall; her room is called "Last Resort" in contrast to the "Dovecote" and "Seldom Inn," residences of Miss Boyd and Miss Dougherty, respectively.

For once in College Hall (and it was during examination week) the proctor's life was a joy to her.

Senior

A Prophecy

MURGANA TEHUTI

EGYPTIAN SEEREST

Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter, and Born on the Banks of the Nile

At least that was the printing on the ground-glass door. I strongly suspected that she was born in Iowa, but I had little time to dwell on such unimportant matters. I was on business and I went to the point at once.

"I'm a reporter on the *Junior Times*," I began, "and it is absolutely necessary that I find out some facts. The Senior Class of the Frances Shimer School—of course you know what that is—are going to give a dance the twenty-first of February. Now I simply must find out their plans for it. The paper itself not only depends on that piece of news to give it even greater prestige than it has now, but if I don't get it for them, I lose my job, and my poor old mother and father—"

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I was just starting on a pathetic speech about my family, when the woman before me remarked, "Now about terms."

I put some gold pieces in her hand, and, after throwing them on the table and listening carefully to their ring, she went on to ask me what method I preferred, the cards, a crystal ball, or whether she should go into a trance. Now I've had very careful religious training, and was distrustful of cards, and I've always imagined that trances are rather spooky, so told her to go ahead with the crystal.

She brought a nearly transparent ball from an adjoining room, and gazing fixedly into it, she began to speak in disjointed sentences.

"Large white card—gold writing. An invitation to a reception—and dancing." Then, turning the ball around a little, she continued, "George Washington and his wife. The first cabinet. John Adams, Abigail Smith Adams, Henry Knox, LaFayette, Hamilton, Madison, Benjamin Franklin, Monroe, Jay, Robert Morris. There are twelve men and an equal number of women. Gold and white, lavender, purple, rose, green, gray, pink, blue. Pages, a crowd of people. Reception. Dancing. Music—I can see no more," she said.

I put another gold piece down on the table, and the glint of it evidently affected either her eyes or the crystal, for she went on: "A room—with men and women—always in pairs. Music—slow music. Movements—slow movements. Grace. Ah! The Minuet. Cakes—and ices—and candy. Gold and white. Music. Reception. Dancing. Cabinet."

She stopped again, and I didn't try to help her vision, for I had found out what I wanted to. The Seniors were evidently to dress as famous men and women of the Revolutionary Period! They were to have their party start out as a colonial reception, with pages to announce the guests! Then dancing would come, and in the midst of affairs the Seniors would give the Minuet! And there would be refreshments carrying out the color scheme of gold and white—1914 class colors!

I rushed out of the room, and tore to the telegraph station to get my story in as soon as possible.

A toast to Senior Privileges,
The dearest things in life.
A toast to Senior Privileges,
The cause of all the strife.
A toast to Senior Privileges
And now we feel like boasting,
For we can toast the privileges,
And know what we are toasting.

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Here's Hoping!

Oh, nine times nine
Have I set to rhyme
 My sentiments bold and free.
And nine times nine
In their own good time
 Have my poems come back to me.

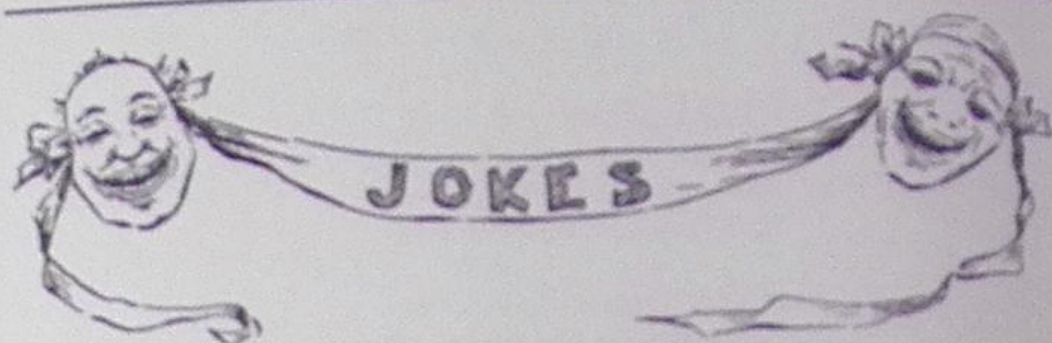
But now as St. Valentine's
Hour draws near
 And Cupid with active dart
Is shooting away,
I'll hope and pray
 He may hit the editor's heart.

Then here's to our *Record*
And its staff,
 And here's to their taste so fine,
And here's to the wish
That its readers fair
 Have a jolly St. Valentine.

Wanted—A Crush

Ruby, Ruby,
 Wilt be my crush?
Thou shalt buy me red roses
 And give me the rush.
Thou shalt send me milk chocolates
 And write sweet billets
And at your expense, dear,
 I'll spend happy days.

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Taunting Translations

Die Thränen rollten seinen Backen herunter—
D. W.: His tears rolled down his back.

Le cheval blessé—The blessed horse.

Eine Nase wie ein junger Adler (translated three ways):

By R. C.: A neck like a young eagle.

By D. W.: Manners of a young prince.

By V. L.: Disposition of a little angel.

Die Töchter des Heldens—Tortures of Hell.

R. S. H.: Er dachte an seiner mühle—He thought about his mules.

Fax est lâché—Fax is laughing.

H. R.: He translated the Bible, and St. John.

Bulletin-Board Bits

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Last 3 Weeks
Commencing Tomorrow Night
LUCILLE FAISON
in her
latest comedy
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BLACKSTONE
Tonight at 8:15
Third Successful Week
Tenth Night
with
ELEANOR SHIMER
as Star Feature

50 cents to \$2.00

B. S. (on 2d floor): What did Correggio write?

Miss B. (from 3d floor): Correggio wrote the Sonata in F.

Exchanges

The Frances Shimer Record acknowledges the following exchanges: *The Spectrum*, University of Redlands; *The Rustler*, Fremont, Nebraska; *The Picket*, Shepherd College; *The Young Eagle*, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin; *The Lake Erie Record*, Lake Erie College; *The Ogontz Mosaic*.

The Tradesman of the Boston High School of Commerce has an interesting article on "A Visit to the Real Gymnasium of Frankfurt am Main, Germany."

The January number of *The Lake Erie Record* contains several particularly good short stories and poems. "Into the Dream Country" is a vivid and original little story. "Dreams" and "The Fugitive Candle-flame" are also worthy of note.

The Wilson College *Phaethra* always affords great pleasure to the Exchange Editor of the *Record*. The *Phaethra* is well balanced; each department is complete and interesting. The quaint, fresh sketch of the fresh-air child, in the December issue, leaves the reader with a true literary enthusiasm for the heroine, Philomena, and her personality. It is interesting to find, in the January number, "The Early Chapters of a Chinese Girl's Life," as told by the Chinese girl herself. The "Interpretation of Othello" and "Rastus Celebrates," in the same issue, help to make up the very charmingly varied contents of the literary department of this number.

The Athletic Department of the *Ferry Hall Almanac* is the best among our exchanges. In the literary department, "A Result of Equal Suffrage in Wyoming" attracts particular notice.

The Scattered Family

Cecile Hull, '12, is at her home in Clinton, Illinois.

Grace Russell, '04, is spending the winter in Boston.

Mrs. Nellie Graham George is spending the winter in Egypt.

Neva Bell, '11, is a student at the University of Illinois this year.

Mrs. Della Angle Woodworth has a music studio in Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. R. G. Bailey, one of the "Original Eleven," is living in Salem, Oregon.

Louise Reichelt, '13, is attending the University of Colorado, at Boulder.

Winnifred Munroe, '06, is a teacher of German in the Chicago public schools.

Edna P. Ames, '00, is an instructor in the Gregg Business College in Chicago.

Mary D. Miles, '98, is doing postgraduate work in the University of Chicago.

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Announcement has been received of the marriage of Zoa May Bronson, '05, to Mr. Denton Graves Burdick. Mr. and Mrs. Burdick are now at their home in Redmond, Oregon.

Mary Seaman, Expression '12, who had to give up her work last year because of ill health, has returned this semester to complete her course in the Academic Department.

Elizabeth A. Newcome, '11, is taking training for kindergarten teaching in the Western State Normal at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Her present address is 1020 West Kalamazoo Avenue.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Stoner of Chadwick, Illinois, on January 31, 1914. Mrs. Stoner was Jessie Carley of Mount Carroll and was graduated from the Academy in 1906.

Edith M. Wherritt, '89, was married at her home in Mount Carroll, on November 15, to Mr. Ralph Fulcher of Winnipeg. They will reside in Winnipeg, where Mr. Fulcher has a government position.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Mr. Francis Warner Parker, an old friend of the School, to Miss Margaret Kedzie. Mr. and Mrs. Parker's home is at 1514 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

A recent number of the *Survey* gives a very interesting account of the work of Mr. John Kingsbury, commissioner of charities in New York City. Mrs. Kingsbury was Mabel Glass, '97-'99. Their home is in Yonkers.

Dr. and Mrs. Fred W. Gage of 4356 Lake Park Avenue, Chicago, announce the engagement of their daughter Margaret, class '11, to Ralph W. Zimmerman, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Carsby Zimmerman of 5621 Blackstone Avenue.

Martin Calkins Briggs, son of Mrs. W. E. Briggs, *née* Ella Calkins, '84, has been elected to membership in the "Commerce Club," the honorary society of the political economy department of the University of Michigan, where he is a Senior.

Beth Hostetter, '02, has resigned her position in the Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma, Washington, where she was instructor in French, and will spend the remainder of the year at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hostetter.

Grace Reynolds Squires, '07, Voice, and Earl Chester Smith, '01, Piano, have given successful recitals recently in Sterling, Lanark, and Mount Carroll. Mr. Smith is spending the winter with his parents after several years of study in Germany.

Mrs. Neva Davis Warren-Scott, '97-'98, of Belfast, Ireland, visited her home in Des Moines, Iowa, during the summer. En route from Chicago she met a number of Frances Shimer students and expressed her warm interest in her Alma Mater.

Frances Montgomery, '12, who is a student at the Northwestern University, expects to attend the military ball given by the students of the University of Illinois. She will be the guest of Laverne Borgan at the sorority house of the Gamma Phi Betas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miles are spending the winter in California. Mr. Miles is a member of the Board of Trustees of the School, and Mrs. Miles will be remembered as Jessie Hall, '87, who was associated with the School for a number of years as pupil and teacher.

A copy of the *Evanston Daily News*, celebrating the second anniversary of the paper, has been received. Miss Bowman, instructor in Domestic Science,

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came to Illinois in 1856; entered the University of Michigan in 1870; was graduated in 1873; moved to Winneshiek County, Iowa, in 1880, where he resided until his death. He was elected state representative in 1906; re-elected in 1908; and to the United States Senate in the same year.

Mrs. Bonnie Ridgeway Chave was hostess at the meeting of the Chicago Association of Mount Carroll Students on December 6, 1913, at the Chicago Beach Hotel. Mrs. L. B. Bishop extended the courtesy of her apartment to the Association, through Mrs. Chave, her sister. The guests of honor were Mrs. Genevieve Graham Hayes, a student of 1860, Miss Louise Judson Miles, '13, and Mrs. Charles S. Deneen. The occasion was particularly enjoyable, because so many of those present were friends who had not been able to attend a meeting for several years, and some had not seen each other since Mount Carroll days. A little "experience meeting" was one feature of the afternoon, each one speaking of what the School had done for her, impressions received, and of what her life had been since.

Those present, besides the ones already mentioned, were: Mrs. Madge Myers Hislop, Mrs. Lydia Duell Enslow, Mrs. Mary Van Vechten Pinckney, Miss Marie Ruef Hofer, Miss Rose Demmon, Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas, Mrs. Zella Cook Von Boenigk, Miss Ann Grimes, Miss Martha Brown, Mrs. Ruth Estabrook Kilbourn, Mrs. Maude Menefee Bradley, Miss Zella Corbett, Miss Matilda Vernon, Miss Ada C. Mastin, and Miss Margaret Powell.

Officers elected for the next two years are: Miss Hofer, President; Mrs. Pinckney, Vice-President; Miss Powell, Secretary and Treasurer.

B. L. SMITH

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A Home School for Girls and Young Women
Founded 1853

THIS is one of the best equipped schools for girls in the West. The standard of scholarship is high. College Department, offering diploma at the end of the Junior College Course of two years. Advanced standing for Junior College work given by leading universities. College Preparatory and General Course. In the latter course the study of Modern Languages is substituted for Latin. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Culture, Elocution, and Vocational Courses. The Academy has certificate privileges at the leading Colleges, East and West.



The buildings are eight in number, solidly constructed of brick and stone, and offer an equipment unsurpassed by that of any school for girls in the West. They were designed strictly for school purposes, and have all modern conveniences and appointments. The location, 127 miles west of Chicago, is very picturesque, and is noted for its healthfulness. The grounds, consisting of thirty-five acres, are very attractive, and are beautified by well-kept lawns and noble trees, many planted over half a century ago. Facilities are offered for golf and tennis. Well-equipped gymnasium, all athletic work under the direction of a competent instructor. School hospital. New Science Hall, costing over \$20,000, now in use. Rate, \$400.

Trains from Chicago to Mount Carroll, 10:15 A.M., 1:30, 4:20, 9:50 P.M.
Returning at 5:58 P.M., 5:47 and 6:33 A.M.

Chicago Office—Mondays in August at Fine Arts Building, 410 S. Michigan Avenue
Illustrated catalogue will be sent upon request

REV. WM. P. McKEE, Dean

Mt. Carroll, Illinois

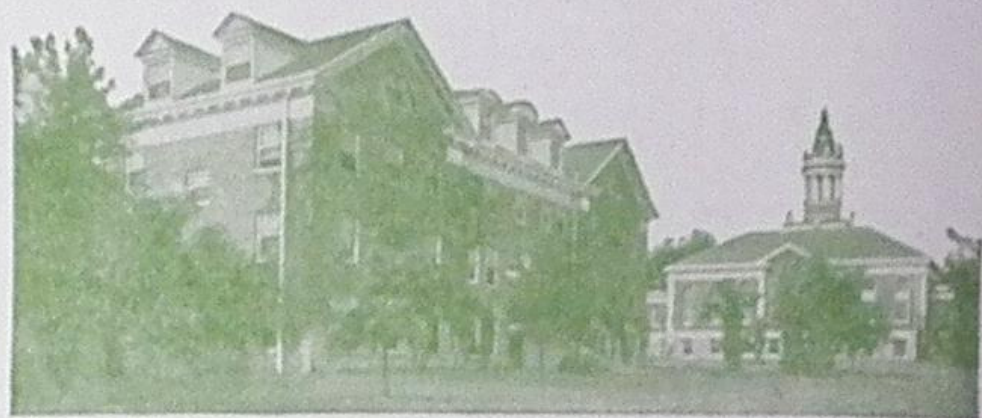
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THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Mary Seaman has returned to Frances Shimer for the second semester's work, and has joined the Senior Class.

Miss Boyd plans to give a Valentine's party for the Seniors during February.

Junior

On January 23, Miss Brown gave a dinner in College Hall for the Junior Class. The occasion was a farewell to Elizabeth Sjöholm and Beatrice Suffern, who left the next evening.

The table was beautifully decorated with red roses and the room was lighted with four red candles. Miss Brown presided at her new percolator, given her by the Junior Class at Christmas time, and Miss Hoyt was a guest.

It was soon circulated about the group that "Katy" was in the kitchen. This caused quite a palpitation of hearts and some found it necessary to retire into the kitchen as soon as the festivities were over.

The whole class enjoyed a most delightful time, the only shadow being the approaching departure of Elizabeth and Beatrice. The party broke up promptly at six forty-five, Miss Brown pronouncing the percolator a perfect success, and the girls declaring that they would go back to their exams with renewed vigor.

A Junior meeting was held January 31, at which Catherine Morrasay was elected treasurer to take the place of Elizabeth Sjöholm, who has left school.

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3-1--

Your hair is glorious red, Love,
'Tis like the sunset glow;
It shines upon your head, Love,
More brilliant than the snow.

Your fairy form is slight, Love,
You're slender and you're trim.
It isn't very far, Love,
From your shoes to your hat-brim.

Your little tongue doth go, Love,
Throughout the livelong day;
You call a hoe a hoe, Love,
That's just your own sweet way!

Therese to Her Peggy

Peg o' my heart, I love yuh;
Peg o' my heart, above muh,
First you're a curl, coy little twirl,
Then a Psyche tall and towering,
Admiration from all borrowing.
Peg o' my heart, 'twould grieve folks
If you'd impart, how you deceive folks.
Come, come my own!
Come to your home,
On my head!

To Coventry—Again!

Coventry had a terrible case
(Her hair was of darkest hue),
And everywhere her case would be,
Right there was Coventry, too.

Her case lived on second floor, in West,
And Coventry on floor one;
So she moved upstairs, yes, right next door,
And said 'twas "heaps of fun."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

M. F.: Do they say grace at the table at home?

G. C.: No, they say Gee wee.

L. D.: "Speak up, Ike, and 'spress yo'self." Do you know what that is from, H——?

H. C.: Don't you suppose I've ever read *As You Like It*?

Miss B. (to piano student): In this composition there must not be a pause between the measures.

A. S.: Well, you see this is a Hesitation study.

How strange it sounds to teachers' ears
When pouncing on a spread,
To hear the welcome, soft and low,
"Come, darling, get in bed."

V. S.: Something happens here every day!

Monday—half a day off

Tuesday—the Dean talks in Chapel

Wednesday—ice for dinner

Thursday—macaroni!!

Friday—Y.W.C.A.

Saturday evening off

Sunday—church

Miss P.: Oh, isn't it all exciting!

A. M.: Pretty soon we can say, "Day after tomorrow is Spring Vacation."

T. F. (in disgust): Yes, and pretty soon we can say, "Day after tomorrow we'll be fifty-six years old."

T. F. (at Sunday dinner): Two wishbones? That chicken must have been twins.

Miss B. (coming upon T. F. and A. H., who are gesticulating wildly and dramatically in Number 12, Dearborn): Well! What's this?

A. H.: "Caught in the act."

R. J. H.: Do you sing this, "How Many Miles Is It to Babylon?"

V. F. L.: Yes, we babble on all through the operetta.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Martha F. Green, '09, has changed her address to 6106 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago.

Irene Fuller, '10-'11, is spending a part of the winter in Los Angeles, California.

Belle Bement, '11-'12, has accepted a position in the bank at Wonowoc, Wisconsin.

Jessie Webb, '12, is home-maker for her family, and is enjoying her year very much.

Drusie Elliot, '11, was married last fall to Mr. John Culp and is now living in Vinton, Iowa.

Helen Quinn is at home this year, where she was recently the hostess of Marguerite Higgins.

Laverne Burgan, '13, Junior College, is pledged to Gamma Phi Beta at the University of Illinois.

Laura Grace Lovald, '10, is taking domestic science in the South Dakota State College at Brookings.

A charming picture of Marion McGregor has been received. Mrs. McGregor was Myra Jones.

Martha Powell, '07-'08, is teaching in the high school at Williamsburg, Iowa, her home town, this year.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bennett, a son, Franklin Odbert Bennett. Mrs. Bennett was Nellie Odbert, '07.

Miriam Sampson, '12, and Lucille Nay, '10-'11, are taking a kindergarten teachers' course at Gertrude House, Chicago.

Hazel Rollins, '11, writes of her continued interest in her work in the Homeopathic Hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Miss Carrie Moore, teacher of science in '00-'01, owns and manages a ranch eighteen miles from Spokane, Washington.

Mr. W. O. Payne of Nevada, Iowa, is a candidate for Congress in the seventh district. Mrs. Payne was Jessie Dickens, '80.

Harper McKee, '06, has returned to his work with the Caribbean Petroleum Company in Venezuela after a vacation spent at home.

Arlouine Prouty is teaching school near Pollock, Illinois. She writes that she has great fun riding to and from school on horseback.

Margaret Munroe, '09, was married on January 30, 1914, to Mr. Albert Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow is an instructor in Pillsbury Academy.

Celestine Dahmen, '10-'12, sends greetings from Switzerland where she has been studying for a year and a half. Later she goes to Germany.

Miss Delana Bailey, '91, is employed by Messrs. Carey and Kerr, attorneys for corporations including the Hill lines of railroad, Portland, Oregon.

Rosabel Glass, '99, who has taught in several of the high schools of Seattle, Washington, has lately been promoted to one of the newest and largest schools of the city.

A recent interesting visitor at the School was Dr. Bowen, president of Nanking University, China. Angeline Gilmore, '03, is private secretary to Dr. Bowen.

Madge Lamb, '10-'11, was united in marriage to Mr. Vernon H. Bower during the Christmas holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Bower will probably live in Argo, Illinois.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

'10-'12, is the Associate Editor, and much of the success of the paper, especially in the editorial department, is attributed to her.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hostetter will sympathize with them in the loss of their son, Dr. Abram Hostetter, who died in Los Angeles, California, January 18. Dr. Hostetter was a particularly gifted young physician and gave promise of large usefulness in his profession.

Ruth Hastings, '14, spent her Christmas holidays in Minneapolis with Doris Leach, '13. One of the pleasant occasions of the visit was a Frances Shimer luncheon at which the following were present: Helen Cribb, '12; Ruth Davis, '11; Mary Joslin, '11-'12; Vera Meneilley, '13; and Doris Leach, '13.

Mrs. Henry J. Harris (Miss Knight) writes of her interest and delight in her home, in the lectures, particularly the course given by the Natural Geographical Society, the concerts, recitals, and everything connected with her life in Washington. Mr. Harris is head of the Department of Records and Documents in the Congressional Library.

The engagement of Dana Willcox, '10, to Mr. Ben Hazzen of Des Moines, Iowa, has recently been announced. After the marriage, which will probably be solemnized early next summer, the young couple expect to make their home in Bridal Veil, Oregon. Miss Willcox was graduated from Drake University at the end of the first semester of the present year.

Marguerite Higgins, '12, is a member of Dean Davenport's family of Champaign and is taking a course in the university. She wrote recently of the Frances Shimer days: "I often think of Frances Shimer and the good times I had there, and they were many indeed. Not only the good times, but the friends I made also, make the days at F.S.S. dear to me."

Among the Christmas greetings received by the Dean and Mrs. McKee were those from the following: Sophia Pool, '11, Louisville, Kentucky; Hazel Cooper Lynch, '10, Alamosa, Colorado; Miss Bowman, Evanston, Illinois; Miss Marion Wilcox, '11-'12, Oakland, California; Vera Meneilley, '13, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Veda Herbat, '11-'12, Algona, Iowa.

Dean and Mrs. McKee received an invitation to the twenty-fourth annual New Year's party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer in Lincoln, Nebraska. This is an occasion to which their friends look forward, and those who have attended during the past years include many of the leading people who have been associated with the educational work of the city.

Among the subscriptions received since we last went to press are the following: Mrs. Clyde Wolf, Plainfield, Illinois; Mrs. D. L. Nelson, R.F.D. 1, Cherokee, Iowa; Mrs. C. R. Shackelton, 3309 Park Avenue, Chicago; Dorothy E. Heineman, 206 Indiana Avenue, Valparaiso, Indiana; Miss Gladys Weld, 202 Milwaukee Avenue, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin; Miss I. McGurk, North Eighth and Vermont Streets, Quincy, Illinois.

Dr. John L. Crouse, who died recently in Chicago, will be remembered by many students of the days when the School was a coeducational institution. Dr. Crouse was a prominent dentist in Chicago for many years, and was at one time president of the State Dental Society. Mrs. Crouse was Miss Hull, formerly Lady Principal in the Mount Carroll Seminary. For a long time Mrs. Crouse has been identified with the work of the Baptist Home Missionary Society.

Senator Philo M. Jewell, M.D., a former student of Mount Carroll Seminary, died at his home in Decorah, Iowa, January 9, 1914, at the age of sixty-five. Senator Jewell was born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, January 1, 1848;

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